Northern Messenger

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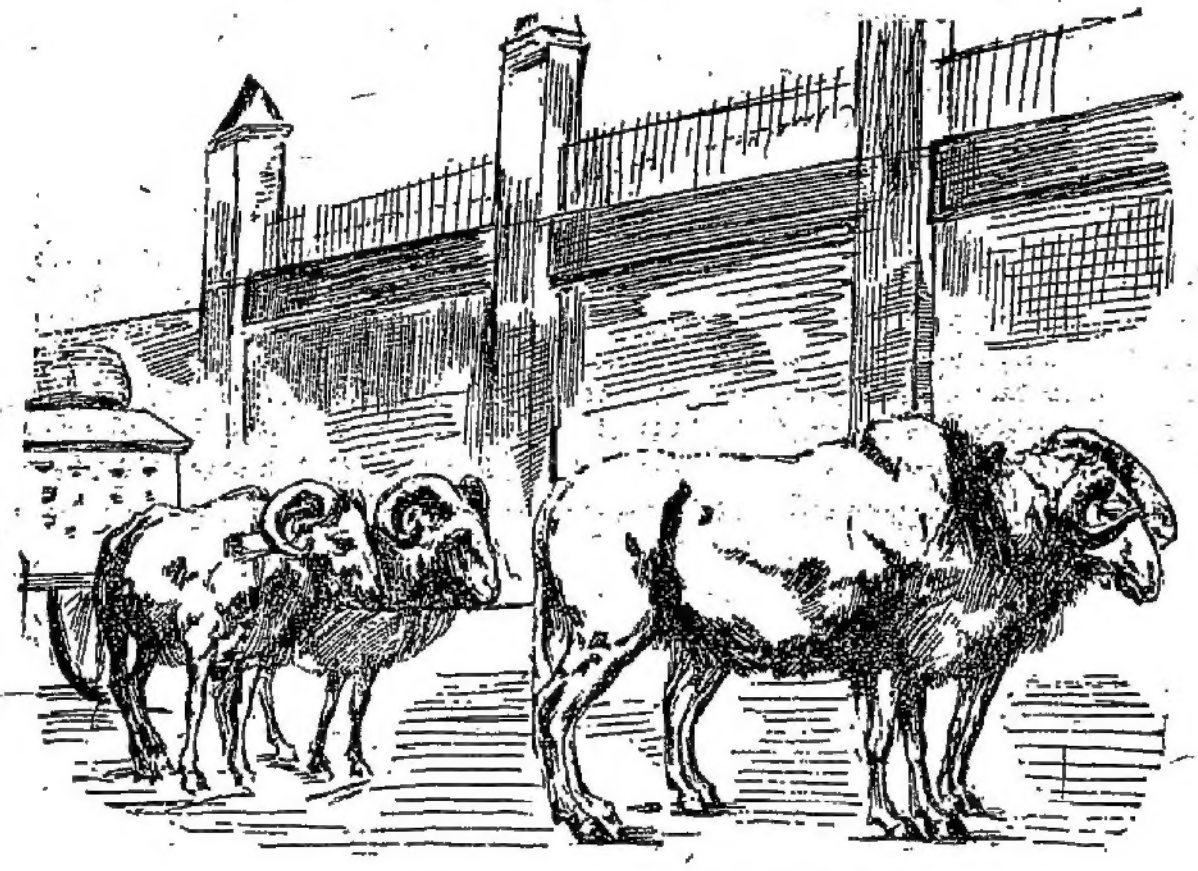
Brazilian Homes.

Our morning cup of coffee often breathes, if we could understand it, a story of Brazilian valleys and plateaus, where laborers, sad and merry, pick berries from hundreds of trees. Brazil is the greatest coffee-growing country in the world, and most of this product she sends to us. The great international railway, so much talked of in late years, may bring us in closer touch with our South American sister, who liked our government so well that she modelled hers on it; we will then know each other better.

Brazil may be considered very progressive, since she is the only country that ever made a radical change in her form of government except through war and bloodshed, and since she voluntarily, and by a wise system of emancipation, freed herself of the curse of slavery. Yet centuries of Portuguese domination left much to overcome, and in some respects she is an undiscovered country, and many peoples on the Amazon live in as primitive fashion as the natives of Africa.



A BAKER'S CART, PARAHYBA, BRAZIL.

The aboriginal Indians of the interior are an interesting folk, and, to a large degree, civilized. The little, brown-skinned, dark-eyed children are observant, quiet and almost stolid according to our ideas of child-character. If hurt, they do not cry out; if delighted, they do not clap their hands and skip and shout. The Indian women are industrious. The men go fishing and turtle-hunting, and the burden of agricultural, as well as domestic, labor devolves chiefly upon them. They manufacture their own pottery, make mats, and weave hammocks on slow and primitive looms for family use and for sale. Some are lace weavers. They are early risers, beginning each day, it is said, with a bath in lake or river. Our Amazonian laundress has certainly no excuse for not getting the clothes clean; her washtub is fifty miles wide. They live in adobe huts, and the furniture of a typical dwelling consists of benches, baskets, trunks, hammocks, and low, odd-looking stools made of the hard skin of an alligator's breast twisted into shape, or of a large terrapin shell.

Among cooking and eating utensils, there might be an iron kettle from the nearest town; and there would surely be home-made pots and bowls of clay, calabashes, turtle-shell pans, gourd bottles, wooden spoons, baskets and clay-lamps for burning fish-oil. The principal foods are fish and manioc. The latter is to the Brazilian what wheaten bread is to us or the pototo to the Irish. The itinerant bakery, shown in our picture, doubtless contains dainties made of manioc meal; although of course its principal stores are bread and cake, for Parahyba is a coast city where people have the conveniences and luxuries we ordinarily find in such towns. The itinerant pedler is a marked feature of all Brazilian cities. Negro women selling sweetmeats or pots of tapioca soup (also made like manioc meal from the manioc root), or with baskets of luscious fruit on their heads, coal-venders, merchants with cloth and yard-stick, newsboys, candy-boys, and dealers in all sorts of things, throng the narrow streets crying their wares.—'Christian Herald.'

The Run-Around Member.

(By Frank H. Sweet.)

Tho 'Do What We Can' circle of the 'King's Daughters' were discussing their work for the ensuing month.

'I don't know of any urgent need in our own neighborhood,' said May Whitely, pursing her lips and trying to look wise. 'We've fitted out the Joneses and McDugguns, and have sent a ton of coal to Widow Cracken. There's old John Smithers,' doubtfully, 'but he traded the last flour we sent him for whiskey. I don't suppose it would be worth while to send him any more.'

'No, indeed!' exclaimed Clara Goodrich. 'If we can't find anything more deserving than that we'd better give our money to some other circle. I don't propose to skimp my pin money for such an old reprobate as Smithers.'

Kate Markham, who was sitting by the window, now looked up from her sewing.

'I don't think we need bother about our next work,' she said, quietly. 'If I'm not mistaken it's coming toward us now.'

Several of the girls left their sewing and hurried to the window.

Coming down the opposite side of the street was a small boy of ten or twelve, his hands deep in his pockets, and his feet keeping time to some merry tune which he was energetically whistling.

'He doesn't act as though he was overburdened with care,' one of them remarked. 'But I do believe he is coming here!'

The boy had stopped and gazed across the street inquiringly. Then he came running toward them.

'Who is he?' asked May Whitely.

'One of Ben Carter's children,' Kate answered. 'Ben is the lame man who used to peddle clams around the village. He lives somewhere near the salt ponds. Our hired man was down that way yesterday after a load of seaweed, and he stopped at Ben's to ask about the tides. He says they need help. Ben was in bed with the rheumatism and hadn't done a day's work this winter. And there were two small boys and a sickly woman. I heard Peter tell papa that they had absolutely nothing in the house to eat except a few small potatoes. He said he told them about our circle. I suppose that is what brings the boy here to-day.'

'We shall have to make some inquiries before we give assistance,' observed Miss Leeson, the president, gravely.

Quick footsteps on the stairs put an end to further conversation. A moment, and there was a light knock upon the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Leeson.

The door opened and a bright-faced, merry-eyed boy stood before them. His clothes were patched and his shoes were worn, but his shoulders were well thrown back and his eyes did not shrink or waver as they looked into those of the president.

'Be you the—the club that helps folks?' he asked.

'Yes; what can we do for you?'

The boy shut the door carefully behind him without answering. Then he came and sat down on a chair near Miss Leeson. Some of the girls looked at him and nodded pleasantly. Instantly his own face rippled into quick returning smiles.

'I've come to jine,' he said modestly.

'Join—what?' Miss Leeson let her sewing fall into her lap.

'Why, your club, of course!' eagerly. 'Pete Gunny was down our way yesterday and told us all about it. He said them that jined hunted out poor folks and the whole club pitched in and fixed 'em up. Now, we've got a poor fambly down our way—desprit poor!' emphatically, 'and we need somebody to help us look arter 'em. I couldn't seem to hit on nobody till I heard o' your club. That settled it!'

Miss Leeson shook her head.

'I'm sorry, my boy, but we can't take you in,' she said, smilingly. 'Our circle is only for girls; and, besides, it is limited to ten members and we are full already. But we shall be glad to help you.'

'And you can't let me jine, no way?'

He smiled persuasively, but his smile vanished at the positive refusal on her face.

'I'm awfully sorry,' he said dismally. 'I'd counted for sure on it. And—and I'd kinder promised a pair o' shoes to that little Eyetalian.' He gazed thoughtfully on the floor for a few moments, then his face suddenly brightened.

'I s'pose you have consider'ble runnin' round to do?'

'Yes,' wondering what was coming next.

'Well, s'pose I jine as run-around member? You see,' complacently. 'I don't care shucks for mud and slush and rainy weather, and all of 'em would be mighty hard on your nice dresses and pretty shoes. I could run errants and fetch and carry things; and I'd be great on finding poor folks. Now what do you say?' and he looked at her so confidently that she forgot the ragged clothes and poverty, and only saw the brave, earnest soul looking through the clear eyes. Her gaze wandered to the girls, questioningly. May Whitely came promptly to the rescue.

'Fellow members!' she cried, 'I move we create the office of Cavalier and Run. Around Messenger Extraordinary in our circle!' She paused until an 'I second the motion!' came from somewhere in the room.

'Good!' said Miss Leeson, catching the girls' spirit. 'It is moved and seconded that the office be male. All in favor of the motion please signify by the usual sign.'

There was a quick upraising of hands, accompanied by smothered laughing.

'Contrary minds the same sign. It is a vote. Anything more?'

'Yes,' May went on. 'I further move that we appoint Mr.' —— glancing inquiringly at the boy.

'Lish',' looking at her a little doubtfully.

'Mr. Lish'—'

'Carter,' added Kate Markham.

'Mr. Lish' Carter,' said May calmly, 'to the office just created.' The president put the question and the new member was unanimously voted in.

'Now,' went on the irrepressible girl, 'let us inquire regarding the philanthropic enterprises in which our colleague is interested.'

The boy gazed at her with a puzzled expression on his face, but detecting an under-current of merriment in the room he took courage and bowed his thanks.

'Be I a reg'lar member?' he asked beamingly as he rose to his feet, 'and can I fetch in my poor folks?'

'We shall be very glad to hear about them,' said Miss Leeson.

There was not the least trace of embarrassment in the face of the boy, nor any hesitation in the eager voice which poured forth the story of the 'poor folks.' Even the girls felt themselves coming under the influence of his enthusiasm as he proceeded.

'Are they actually starving?' asked one of the girls, as he paused for a moment's breath.

'No,'m!' promptly. 'Pap's been sendin' 'em taters, off and on, and Ben and me give 'em most of our walnuts and chestnuts. And then I dig 'em a few clams now and agin, when the weather 'lows, and hunt wood for 'em. But they'm desprit off! most desprit! The father and mother's sick and there's six small children, and none of 'em ain't much good for anything. You see,' patronizingly, 'they'm Eyetalians and only come here last fall. They don't know our talk yet, nor how to scuffle round for vittles. They jest huddle up clost to the fireplace and—and famish,' knitting his brows for a suitable word. 'And, would you b'leeve it!' excitedly, there ain't a blessed shoe in the whole fambly! Them children paddle round in the snow and water barefoot, and when it's awful cold they wrap their feet up in old rags. The biggest boy helps me some, and it's him I want to git shoes for. That's why I jined the club,' glancing around the room as though he wished to impress this fact upon them. 'I couldn't see no way to git 'em alone.'

'Do they live near you?' asked Clara.

'Bout half a mile, But their house ain't got any floor, like ourn. They live right on the bare ground.'

'Hasn't anybody helped them besides your folks?' Clara asked again.

'No,'m; but we've got along pretty well so fur. You see,' proudly, 'my pap's a real good provider. Last fall he chopped wood enough to last all winter; and he worked round 'mong the farmers and took his pay in small taters—hog taters, they call 'em,' in smiling explanation. 'We had 'most four barrels full. And I sold clams myself and bought some salt and a barrel o' turnips. I guess we'd a had plenty to stand us clean through the winter if it hadn't been for so many mouths. Eight Eyetalians can eat a pile o' stuff when they'm hungry.'

'Yes,' assented Miss Leeson, when he paused as though waiting for confirmation of his statement.

'I heard pap ask Pete Gunny yes'day,' the boy resumed with another smiling glance around the room, 'if he know'd anybody in the village who'd be willin' to help a poor fambly. That's what made Pete tell about your club. Pap know'd the taters was 'most gone and I guess he thought Ben and me couldn't scratch round lively enough to keep two famblies goin'. You see, pap's down with rheumaticks.'

'Yes; so I hear. But was it just right for you to give away all of your potatoes? If you are not careful you will need help yourselves.'

'Oh, we'm all right!' answered the boy carelessly. 'There's only four of us, and Ben and me's both well. We ought to be able to look arter one fambly. But how 'bout the shoes for the Eyetalian? S'pose we'll be able to git 'em?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Miss Leeson; 'the children shall have shoes. Haven't we some on hand?' turning to one of the girls.

'There's the lot Mrs. Briggs sent in. They are almost as good as new. And there are some jackets and other things.'

'Very well. And if any of you have shoes or underclothing or anything at home which you think will be useful, and which you do not need, suppose you send them in to-morrow morning. The committee will make a selection. We shall have to buy some provisions and perhaps a few other things. Now,' turning to the boy, 'suppose you tell us how old the children are, that we may have some idea about providing for them.'

'You don't mean all of 'em!'

'Yes, all.'

'Won't they be jest tickled!'—he cried. enthusiastically. 'Shoes all round and—and other things! Why, they won't know what they'm walkin' on, they'll be so set up! The lame one'll want a jacket, if it can be squeezed out. He 'ain't nothin but a calliker waist and short britches!'

'How shall we send the things down?' asked Miss Leeson.

'I can get papa's carryall,' said Kate.

'That will be just the thing! Suppose you and May Whitely act as committee to deliver them and see what more is needed. Can you be here to-morrow?' to the boy.

'Yes,'m. 'Tain't much over a mile.'

'The girls will want you to act as guide. What time?' to Kate.

'Ten o'clock.'

The next day was pleasant, and when the girls arrived they found the new member waiting patiently on the steps. He insisted on carrying all the bundles and stowing them away in the carriage, and then he climbed up on the front seat beside Kate and took the reins which she smilingly offered him.

'I suppose you know how to drive'

'Yes, 'm, pretty well. I've often driv hosses for the seaweeders.'

After leaving the village the road wound across the fields and down along the sandy shore of the salt ponds, and finally dwindled into little more than a footpath. At last the boy stopped in front of a small cabin.

Springing from the carriage he turned to assist the girls; then he took an armful of bundles and started toward the cabin.

It required but little investigation to prove that the family were in dire need. Kate took out her note-book and made copious entries. When they returned to the carriage she and May lookd very grave.

'We will go to your home now,' she said to the boy, as she took the whip and touched the horse lightly. 'We want to be introduced to your mother and Ben.'

'They'll be awful glad to see you,' he said delightedly. 'I told 'em all about our club last night.'

'We should have blundered sadly if we had offered to give that fine boy anything,' said Kate as she and May drove home. 'But I have spoken to papa about it, and he is going to give him some odd jobs to do. Lish' shall have new boots, as well as his "Eyetalians."'—'American Messenger.'

'Not as I Will.'

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
'Not as I will.'

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And joy few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changeless law are ordered still.
'Not as I will.'

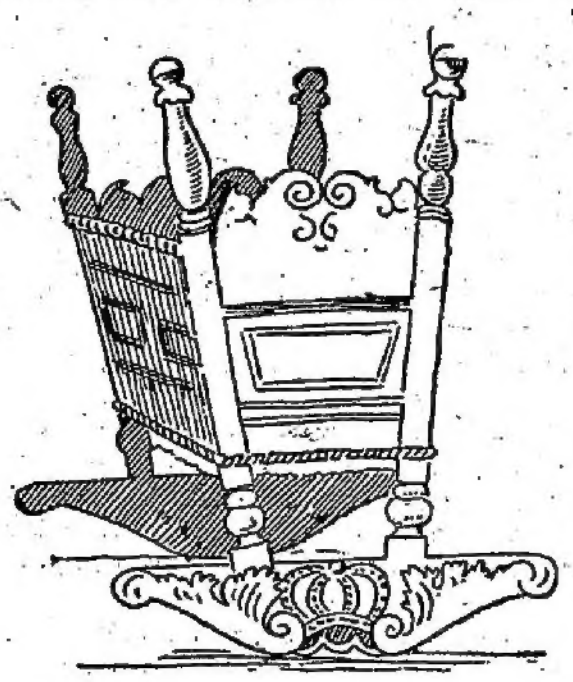
'Not as I will!'—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
'Not as I will!'—the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals,
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
'Not as I will,' because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil—
'Not as we will.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Some Historic Cradles.

('Silver Link.')

The up-to-date infant does not use a cradle—that is, a cradle with rockers. The swaying motion, once so universally used in putting babies to sleep, is now declared to



CRADLE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

stupefy the little brain into drowsiness, and so produce not a healthful, but a torpid sleep. Nowadays, therefore, a child is laid on a stationary cradle, or cot, and the time-honored rocker is relegated to the attic.

But in old days, before hygiene occupied the minds of men, the cradle of an infant king or queen was always rocked, and rocked by special attendants of high degree, who considered it a great honor to be chosen for this service. And as the more the royal infant slept the better it was supposed to be, the person in charge of the cradle was kept busy in swaying it to and fro.

The earliest cradles in English history are supposed to have been brought into England from the Continent, which has always had cradles from the dawn of history. Why the Anglo-Saxons differed from their kinsmen across the Channel in not rocking their babies, we do not know, but apparently they had no cradles until long after the Conquest. Indeed, the earliest royal cradle of which there is any record was that of Edward the Second. This still existed a few years ago, but has apparently disappeared. It was an extremely rude affair, made of oak, with the nails showing plainly, and with two nondescript birds roughly carved upon it, which might have been either doves or eagles. It was hung by staples and rings on two uprights fitted with rude rockers, and was altogether far from suggestive of being born in the purple.

Not much of an advance on this royal cradle was the one supposed to be the cradle of Henry the Fifth, the great English warrior-king. It has no rockers, but was swayed to and fro by thongs inserted in the slits at the top of each side. There is no mitreing or dovetailing about this simple cradle, the ends being plain boards to which the sides are nailed squarely. There are, however, some traces of gilding about it, and the birds, perched on either upright, are quite lifelike.

This old cradle was long preserved in the town of Monmouth, where Henry the Fifth was born, but has now passed into the possession of a clergyman in Somerset, who is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and very proud of this prize.

The illustration at the beginning of this article is connected with one of the most famous characters in all history—the charming, hapless Mary Queen of Scots, whose infancy, in this cradle, was perhaps the only peaceful period of her unhappy life. The circumstances of her birth were pathetic enough, for the young father, James the Fifth of Scotland, lay dying just as she came into the world. In this handsomely carved cradle the little orphan queen was rocked, in Linlithgow Palace, and there it remained, long after her stormy life was over, as a memento of her infancy.

But in the last century Linlithgow Palace was sacked, during the Jacobite uprising, and the carved oak cradle disappeared. All trace of it was lost until, about sixty years ago, a man who was in search of old oak furniture for an antiquary's collection happened to go into a tumble-down house near the old palace, where a woman sat rocking a child in an old cradle with but one rocker remaining.

'What are you doing,' said the man (so the story goes), 'jumblin' your bairn's judgment in a thing like that?'

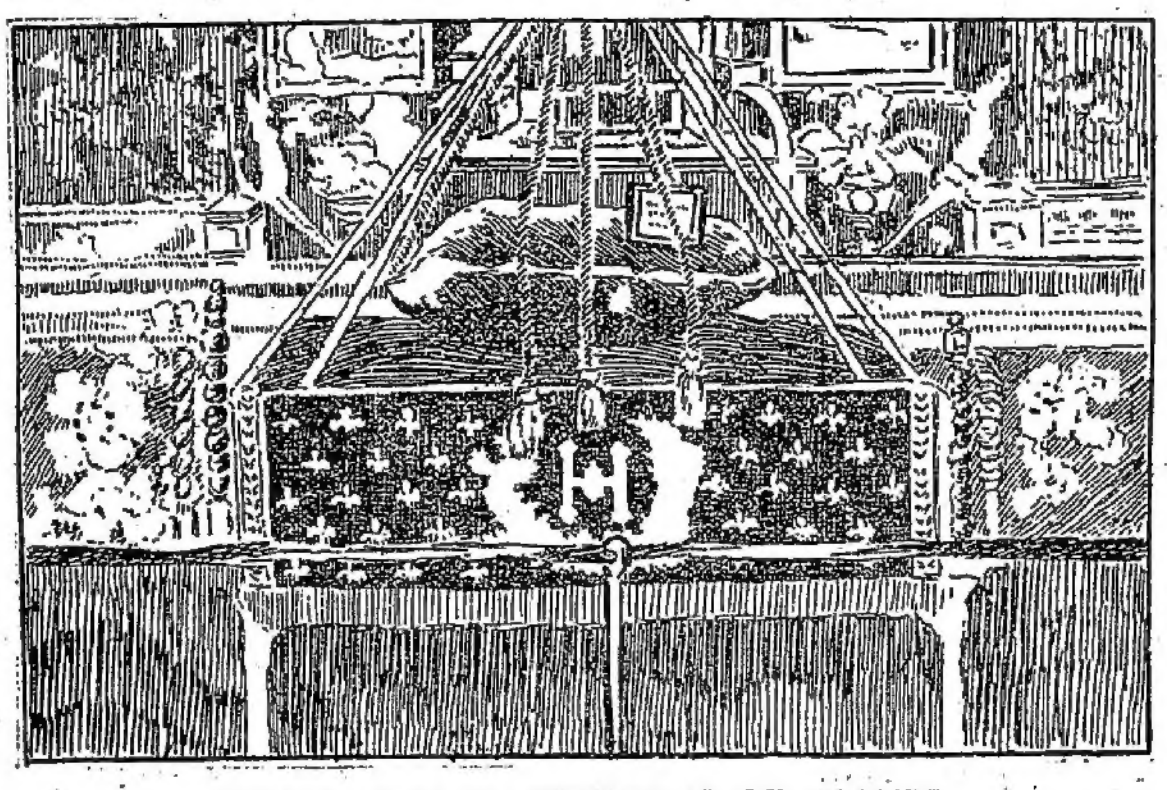
'Eh, mon!' answered the woman, proudly, 'do ye no' ken that was the Queen's cradle?'

'Ye'll be askin' a lot fer it?' said the furniture-hunter, cautiously.

'I wouldna' tak' a poun'-note fer it,' said the woman. Upon which, of course, the antiquary was informed of the find, and offered the woman a sum so generous that she was only too glad to exchange her treasure for it.

Since then the 'Queen's cradle' has passed through various hands, and now belongs to Mr. Napier, of Scotland. It has been on view, with the missing rocker restored, at various exhibitions both north and south of the Tweed, and is remarkably well preserved, in spite of its vicissitudes.

A very queer cradle indeed is that of Henry the Fourth of France, the great champion of the Huguenots, who was rocked in a great tortoiseshell, which is still preserved in the museum at Pau. At the time of the French Revolution both the castle and town of Pau were destroyed by the mob; but the great tortoise-shell was carried off safely by a Royalist gentleman and hidden until peace came to the kingdom again.



THE CRADLE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

Queen Elizabeth's cradle is a remarkably handsome one. It is kept at Hatfield House, Lord Salisbury's mansion, and has the initials of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn carved upon it.

Several magnificent cradles were prepared for the little King of Rome, the son of the great Napoleon. No child, probably, was ever born to a greater empire, nor sank into a more utter obscurity, than this poor little weakling. He presented one of his gorgeous cradles, all in silver gilt, with crowns of ivy and laurel, a gift from the city of Paris at his birth, to the Imperial Treasury of Vienna when he became a resident there—an illustration, certainly, of the irony of fate.

When Warren Hastings was in the zenith of his Indian fortunes, he sent to the Queen of England a splendid cradle, richly jewelled. It has not, however, been used in this century by the Royal Family, and no one seems to know exactly what has become of it.

Queen Victoria's cradle was of mahogany, richly carved. Little Prince Edward of York had even a handsomer one—of mahogany, inlaid with gold, and with draperies of brocade and lace. However, the one he really used was without rockers and very simple. It was made for Queen Victoria's eldest child (now the Dowager Empress of Germany), and, after being used by all the royal children, has now descended to the Queen's great-grandchildren.

Seeking Not His Own.

Yes, the sun was certainly shining!

Hugh gave a sigh of perfect bliss, and lay still for a moment without opening his eyes, rejoicing in the touch of the warm finger which had laid itself gently across his closed lids.

How often he had grumbled that he could not shut out that ray of morning light which would thrust itself between the closed blinds and waken him from his sleep! But to-day it was a harbinger of good tidings,—the promise of a perfect day!

Not long, however, did he lie there, kissed by the sunbeam. He was out of bed and had taken his cold plunge almost before the robin in the tree outside the window had half devoured his first cherry; and by the time his breakfast was finished, and he was taking a walk upon the lawn, Hugh came flying down the stairs, and bounded out upon the porch, frightening Sir Robin out of his seven senses. What rude and noisy creatures these boy humans were, to be sure! And he flew away, scolding.

Have any of my boy readers—even been invited to go for a whole day's pleasuring with a 'first-class' elder brother and his particular college chum? If so, he will understand the anxiety with which Hugh had scrutinized the evening sky, and the delight with which he had felt the light touch of that first early sunbeam across his closed eyes.

They were to start directly after breakfast, go up the river in their boat; rowing, floating, or landing, as they felt inclined; hunting out the cool, deep pools where the

trout loved to lie, close hid beneath the banks; or taking the photographs which Harry Spencer was so anxious to carry home with him. Then they were to take their lunch with them, eating it beneath the trees on the mossy banks; and, best of all, he, Hugh, would for one whole long glorious day be allowed to listen to the brilliant conversation, the record of the college life of these two great men, his heroes!

Could any boy have stayed in bed with all this weight of anticipated bliss filling his heart and sending the excited color to his cheeks? Not Hugh, certainly. But, on the other hand, how was he to pass the hours which must intervene before the expedition started out? On an ordinary occasion he could have filled in the time quite easily, but to-day he was too restless to settle down to his ordinary occupations. He went back into the hall, and glanced at the clock. Only six. Too early even to venture over to see if Uncle Godfrey was up. Uncle Godfrey (the clergyman of the pretty little church just across the road) was an early riser; and he and Hugh, who were the best of friends, often spent an hour together working in the rectory garden or doing some studying. But plainly there was no hope of finding him about so early as this; and so, after possessing himself of a generous slice of bread and butter, as a sort of stay till breakfast, Hugh took up the book which he had been reading the night before, and, running down the steps, flung himself at full length on the grass. He was soon lost in the delights of his story, nor once thought even on his impromptu meal till he felt a cold nose rub itself against his cheek and heard a begging little whine in his ear, and, pulling himself up on his elbow, found, as he had expected, that it was his dog, Flash, coaxing for a bit of the dearly loved bread and butter.

'Very well, sit up and take it like a gentleman,' said Hugh, thrusting his knife into a bit, and holding it up before the quivering nose of the eager little animal; 'but don't you take it till I give the word, old fellow.' So Flash waited till Hugh spoke, and was rewarded by receiving more than one bite; for it was nearing breakfast time now, and Hugh himself could very well afford to wait.

'You're a gentleman, Flash,' said the boy; 'and, if you had lived in the times my book tells about, you would have been as brave and splendid as any of them. It's rather a pity, isn't it, old fellow, that folks don't get the chance to do all sorts of fine things, like they used to do in King Arthur's time? Though Uncle Godfrey did say last Sunday that the age of chivalry was not passed. I don't understand just what he meant, though, do you, Flash?'

But Flash was far more intent upon receiving permission to take that tempting morsel from Hugh's knife, which his little master had forgotten to give, than he was upon the age of chivalry, and so made no reply whatever; and just at that moment some words fell upon Hugh's ear which made him start and catch his breath. He had heard voices in the dining-room, directly above his head, but had paid no attention whatever to what was being said till these words reached him; and then, quite forgetful that he was listening to what was evidently not intended for his ears, he raised himself on his elbow, and held his breath lest a word should escape him.

'Yes,' said his brother Jack's voice, 'I heard last night that Harvey had gotten home. I'd give a lot to ask him to go with us to-day, for Harry leaves to-morrow; but I've promised Hugh, and the boat will not carry four.'

'But I think that Hugh would give it up if you asked him.'

It was his mother who spoke, and Hugh caught his breath in agony till the answer came.

'No, I could not do it! He has been counting so on it, and this is Spencer's last day. The poor little beggar would do it, of course, if I did ask him; but I can't. It would have been a lark, though!' regretfully. And then they went on to talk about the lunch, which his mother was preparing; but Hugh had ceased to hear. With his arms flung out upon the grass, his face buried in them, he was doing that which some people claim that boys never do, thinking with all his might and strength, and fighting his battle, like the little hero that he was.

Mr. Rexford had come out on his porch, and was watching with amusement Hugh training Flash to receive his breakfast properly. But suddenly he saw the boy lift his head and appear to be listening eagerly to the conversation which was going on above him (for he could see his sister and Jack, as they stood talking earnestly beside the open window just above where the boy lay), then fling himself, with a gesture of despair, upon his face, and lie there motionless. Wondering very much what had distressed him, and still more that the honest little lad should play the part of eaves-dropper, he turned and re-entered the house as his wife called him to breakfast. But hardly had he taken his seat when steps sounded on the porch, and Hugh appeared. He came over so often to take breakfast with them that they only gave him the usual hearty greeting without question; but his uncle saw at once that something was troubling the child. He helped him all he could by keeping up a conversation with his wife, in which it was not necessary for the boy to join, and was not at all surprised when Hugh came to him in the study, after they had risen from the table, with the evident intention of making some request. But for a moment he stood without speaking, his eyes cast down; and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, his uncle asked, kindly, 'Well, old fellow, what is it?'

'Are you—are you going over home, Uncle Godfrey?'

'Yes, I'm going immediately to ask your mother for some things which she promised me for one of my old ladies; but why, Hugh?'

'Will you tell Jack, please, that I have changed my mind about going up the river to-day, and am going to stay with you? I may, may I not?'

'Certainly: I shall be glad of your help in several ways. I'll tell him, and I will be back in ten minutes. Stay here till I come.'

That there was something back of this Mr. Rexford well knew; but he knew also that Hugh would have told him had he wished him to know what his trouble was. So, respecting his silence, he left him without a question. But when he had delivered his message, when he heard his sister say, 'And now you can send for Harvey Watson to go with you, Jack,' when they had explained that he had refrained from doing so before because he would not disappoint Hugh, then, I say, the meaning of that little scene which he had witnessed before breakfast was made quite plain to Mr. Rexford's mind, and his heart went out toward the lad who had fought and won his battle with self.

'But I don't see why he changed his mind!' Jack was saying. 'I know his heart was set on it, and he knew that it is Spencer's last day. He simply adores you, Harry,' turning to his friend. 'Say, Uncle Godfrey, where is the youngster? I'll go over, and have this cleared up!'

'Better not, Jack. Hugh has decided for himself, for his own reason. Let the matter rest. Send for Watson, and start out,' his uncle said; adding, 'Where do you expect to be about two o'clock?'

'Up at the old mill, I should think. Why, are you coming up?'

'Perhaps. It will depend upon how I get on with what I have to do. If I do come, we'll have supper up there somewhere, and come down by moonlight.'

Hugh was curled up in the window seat in the shady little study, not, to his own infinite surprise, entirely unhappy, when an arm was thrown about his shoulder and he heard his uncle's voice.

'Come along, my little man,' he said, 'your next work is waiting for you.' And, before Hugh had time to more than wonder vaguely what he meant, his uncle began explaining where he wanted his help, and after that he forgot all about it. It was a busy, and by no means unhappy, morning. They carried some comforts to the old ladies, worked in the garden, and, while Mr. Rexford was doing some writing, Hugh read, resting in a hospitable, cool leather-covered chair in the study. Once he lifted his eyes to find his uncle looking at him very tenderly. 'Hugh,' he said, 'I am just beginning my sermon for next Sunday; and the text is, "Charity"—love, you know—"seeketh not her own"; that is, is willing to deny herself for the sake of others. Do you like it?'

And Hugh answered, 'Yes,' with a sudden thrill of happiness about his heart.

'Helen,' Mr. Rexford said at dinner, 'Hugh has helped me so well with my work that I think I will take a holiday this afternoon, as you have been begging me to do for a week. If you will go over and have supper with Alice, I will go up and meet the boys at the old mill, and come home by moonlight. It is only a little after one now: I can row up there by two. Would you care to go along, Hugh?'

Not lose it, after all! Hugh's heart gave a great throb of such happiness that his eyes fell for a moment to his plate before he could reply. And even then his answer was not put into words: those refused to come. What an afternoon it was! How delighted the three boys were to see them! And how kind they were to Hugh! He wondered vaguely why, after they had been there half an hour, Jack should come to him suddenly, as he stood looking blissfully down the river, and, throwing his arm across his shoulder, call him a 'first-class little trump.' And when Harvey Watson insisted upon his taking his brand-new fishing-rod, and Harry Spencer announced that he was going off to fish alone with Hugh for half an hour or so, the cup of his happiness was indeed full to the brim.

'Yes,' said Mr. Rexford to himself, as he watched the boy's bright, happy face, 'I was right. The days of chivalry are not past; nor will they be while love seeketh not her own.'—Annie L. Hannah, in 'Churchman.'

The children of the church are in the Sunday-school, and the church greatly fails if these children are not converted in their early youth. Teachers fail, parents fail, superintendents fail just here. They do not appreciate as they should that definite results may be looked for. The child should be talked with personally and alone, and kindly led to the Saviour. The reason why in some churches they are not converted is because their conversion is not especially sought. The teacher is content with teaching the lesson and does not try to teach the child the greatest lesson of all. I beseech you, dear teacher, not to say amen to this and then straightway go on in the old routine. Get out of the rut of 'teaching the lesson and not trying to teach the child the greatest lesson of all.'—Geo. Schwitzer in 'Living Epistle.'

Old Mortimer's Money.

(By A. Eva Richardson, in 'S. S. Times')
(English.)

Mortimer's shop stood on the highest point of the village. The long hill road had been winding upwards by a gentle incline for three miles or more from the nearest station, Rippindeau, where twice daily the great snorting steam-horse paused for a moment's breathing space, and allowed a modicum of passengers to alight from its carriages and wend their way, as best they might, to the adjacent hamlets.

The enterprising population of Meerhurst had lately chartered an omnibus, which vehicle, allowing, of course, for weather and the condition of the road, met these trains daily—or rather arrived at the terminus at an hour which fairly and evenly divided the necessary waiting time required to catch an 'up' or a 'down' train.

Occasionally the fiery monster would stop at intervening hours, and then, woe betide the unwary who alighted if it happened to be winter-time, and every lane and bye-way was impassable, and only the narrow ravine dug out for the omnibus due, perhaps, in four hours' time) a possible way of reaching the sequestered village of Meerhurst. Beyond Mortimer's shop the road dipped and rose again for a mile or more; then, coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon Black Nest, the dreaded scene of a long-past murder, it turned sharply to the right, and the lumbering 'bus and tired horses retired into private life until another day should call them forth to fresh endeavour.

Mortimer's domicile was a wooden structure, painted black. The shop, in front, consisted, of two parts—a grocery and a drapery establishment—and his goods were renewed at very long intervals. Still, Mortimer turned over a good deal of cash during the year; and, as he spent no unnecessary farthing, and lived principally on such of his goods as showed signs of approaching decay, this money accumulated steadily. He had no banking account; cheques cost money, and were, he considered, a waste. So, on account of his ready-money system, and the notice 'General Emporium' over his door, he went, among the wags of the neighborhood, by the name of Whiteley.

Behind the shop were two rooms—house-place and bedroom; the whole of it had been built by his own hands to make a cosy home for his young bride, forty years ago.

But as long as anybody could remember he had lived quite alone, and his methods were simple. When he had occasion to go out, he closed the shop and took the key. If it was ever necessary to send goods to purchaser's homes, he engaged the services of a small boy and paid him in kind—that is to say, a faded orange, or a worm-eaten apple usually represented his wages.

Mortimer was not generous by nature, and he had become a victim of the arch-enemy of the lonely and aged—Avarice.

Every one knew this—but every one did not know that, in the old man's heart, a daily war was waged against this enemy; only God, to whom the secrets of all hearts are revealed, knew the inner struggles of the miser.

The Methodists of Meerhurst were passing through a time of much heart-searching and trial. For a long time past they had talked of the necessity of building a new chapel—the present meeting-house being old, very small, and falling to decay. If the Lord's work was to be carried on amongst them successfully, certainly they must in some way manage to get a better place of worship. Several meetings had been held by the principal members to discuss this subject, but it seemed hopeless to attempt anything, for, with the exception of about four families, all belonged to the very poor. They wished to give, the 'widow's mite' was never lacking, but where sometimes there was not bread enough for the children to eat, how could they build a house for the Lord?

On the previous Sunday the Rev. Thomas Newbury had come over to preach for them, had spoken very earnestly about this matter, and made it a subject of fervent prayer. On the Monday following another meeting was called.

'I'll give a tenth of what I get in the harvest,' said James Norton, the principal farmer.

'And I'll give five pounds if only the folk will all pay up what they owe me,' said Hicks, the baker.

'And I'll give all the money I get for the fruit on the big apple tree,' cried another.

'And I'll give up my day's outing in the summer, and give the money for that. It ain't much, but it's took me near a year to save,' said Cripple Dick—and I'll give this, and I'll give that, came cherry voices from all around. And yet, though the sacrifices were great, the sum total of the promises was oh! so small, as this world counts riches. It seemed as though they could never, never build their chapel.

'P'raps if us all makes it a subjec' of special prayer the Lord Himself 'ull send the money.'

The voice came quavering feebly from the corner where old Isaac sat, holding his one shilling in his trembling hand, ready to give. He was the richest in heart and poorest in purse of all the village.

Mortimer sat on the very back seat with his head bent down, and his hands in his pockets.

'Come, Mr. Mortimer, what are you going to do for the Lord?' asked the minister. He had been previously requested to make this special appeal.

'Hope as I'll do my duty—same as I've allus tried to do,' he snapped, without raising his eyes.

'I'm sure you will. Now come, could you not promise ten pounds? Let me put your name down.'

'Nought of the kind,' rejoined Mortimer. 'I'll put m'name down m'self when I'm ready, not afore.'

He got up and went off without another word. The struggle going on in his mind was terrible.

'He's got more'n all of us put together,' cried a chorus of voices. 'It's a scandal to Methodism the way he holds on so tight to 'is money. Nobody knows how much he's got, but it's pounds and pounds in gold, and never a penny do he spend.'

'No, 'e don't spend, I 'low; but, seeing I hold the plate, I can just tell you that 'e puts his share there—'e do that!'

'Do he really now? You don't go for to say so, Simon?'

'Yes, 'e do. And when old widder Knight were just bent double with screwmatiz in the winter, 'e give 'er a sovereign, and made 'er promise never to tell no one.'

'Dear brethren,' said the minister, who had overheard this little conversation, 'it never does for us to judge one another. It may be that the Lord is working in our brother's heart in a way none of us could ever guess.'

'May be He is, bless His Name,' whispered old Isaac.

Mortimer crawled up the long hill slowly, with the lagging steps of tired old age. When he reached home he locked the door after him, and threw himself down on his old wooden arm-chair and sat some time pondering. Then he got up—went into his little bedroom, moved a loose board under the bed and took from their hiding place, some heavily-laden woollen stockings. They were so stuffed that they looked like Christmas time, and Santa Clause—but nothing of the kind.

Next he fastened his bit of thread-bare carpet across the little window, dreading that some one might by chance see him through the chinks of the home-made shutters.

Then he sat down again with the stockings on the floor beside him, and lifting one a time, counted their contents on to the table. It was a strange sight? Piles and piles of gold, silver, and copper coins—the savings of a poor man for nearly forty years.

Slowly and carefully he went over it all, writing down on a scrap of paper the amount of each pile as it was finished. Then he leant back, and passed his hand lovingly over the coins, sounding one and another cautiously, lest he might in some unwary moment have made a mistake and taken a false one.

"It's all I've got,' he moaned, again and again. 'I've screwed and saved for nigh forty years to get it, and now the Lord's a' claiming it from me. Not they folk at the meeting. I make no count at all on them. But it's Himself that keeps a-saying to my heart, "Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor moth don't no ways corrupt, nor thieves don't never steal."

'He've laid my best treasures there for me, many and many a year agone. If it hadn't 'ave been for that, I'd not have set such store by the money. It's been my only bit of company since Polly and tiny Ted went up there, the time the fever come to our village. I've never rightly understood why the Lord's left me such a long, weary while alone; but it's just been always the money between His face and me. I mind, when it first got up to twenty pound, how I counted and counted it up, when I might 'a been thinking o' the gold up yonder.

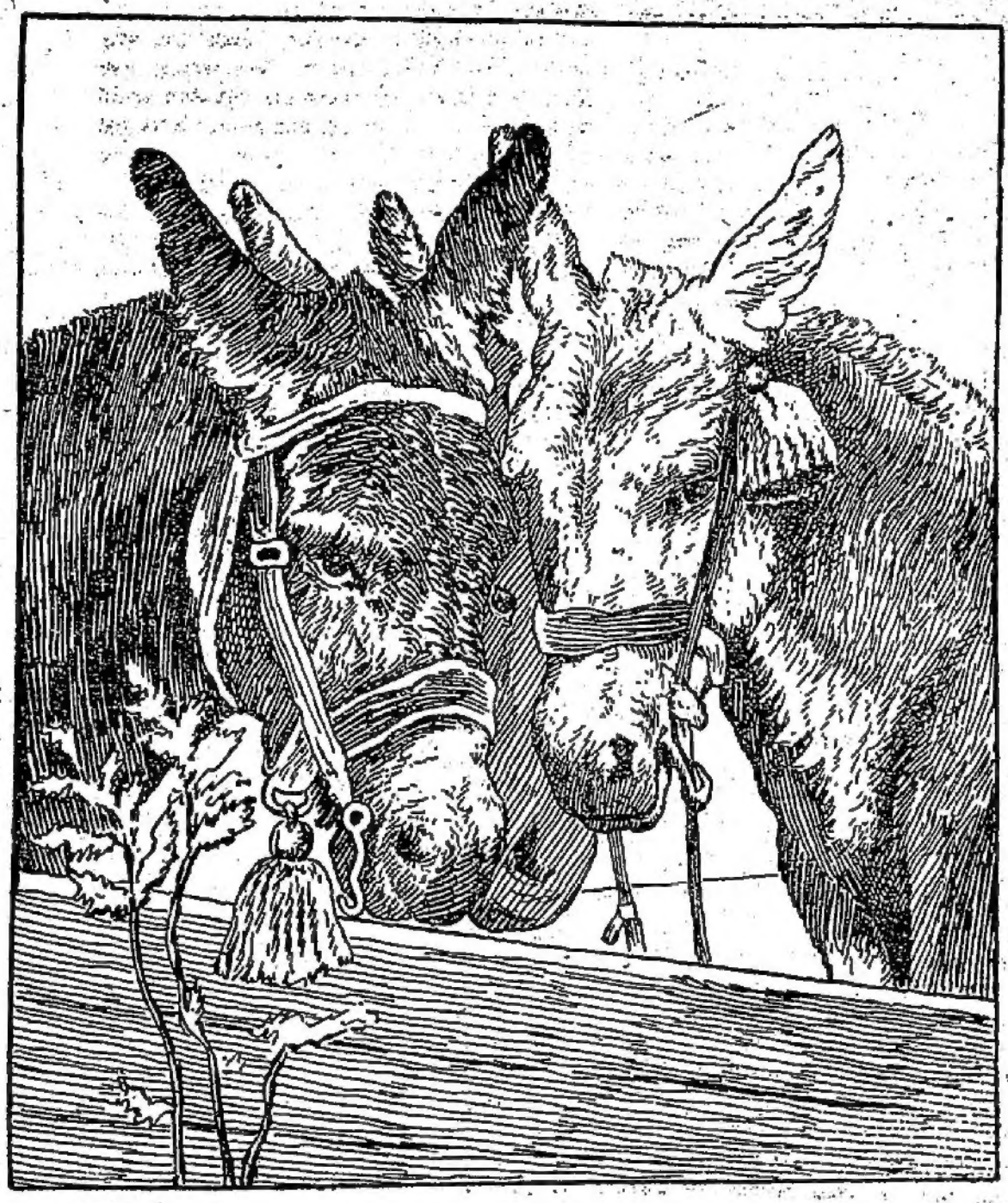
'It's just always been them stockings full, set up like a wall between us. I meant it all for Him when I'd gone, but what's the use of that? It's the "freely give" that the Lord wants, and, if He'll allow me to do it now, I'll do it freely afore it's too late.'

Mortimer went down on his knees. 'Lord,' he cried, "oh, Lord! pardon a wicked old miser. Here's the money, but it ain't mine no longer. It's thine, dear Lord—all the seven hunder pound—and I'll take it to-morrow, Lord, if thou'lt just give me this one day longer to live. Amen.'

Parents and Daughters.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. They have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable women belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. The good Lord, whose Son worked with his own hands, intended that none should live idle.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

It is a great thing when our Gethsemane hours come, when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, and when we pray that it may pass away, to feel that it is not fate, that it is not necessity, but divine love for good ends working upon us.—E. H. Chapin.



IN SOLEMN CONSULTATION.

Philippa's Castle in the Air.

(Silver Link.)

'Oh! I shall never get over the disappointment, never, Mr. Trimmer,' said Philippa, wearily. 'I don't believe God thinks I am worthy to serve him. Yet I long to unspeakably.'

Philippa Marston was a very young and very enthusiastic Christian. She had just completed the high school course, and now ardently desired to enter the foreign mission field and go out with a missionary friend to her station in Africa. She was a frail girl, however, and her physician positively forbade her to think of such a thing. The opposition to her cherished purpose had fretted her into a nervous illness, from which she was just recovering.

Her pastor, Mr. Trimmer, was a faithful servant of his Master, and longed to be as Christ himself would be to each of his people. He studied his young people in the church carefully, and noted earnestly the progress of each in the Christ life.

'My dear child,' he began, 'surely there is no form of service so important as perfect submission to God's will, and there's always plenty for us all to do at home.'

Philippa put one delicate hand up to her throat as if something were choking her.

'It does seem hard,' she went on, not heeding Mr. Trimmer. 'There's Cousin Lucy—I board with her—she's a great, strong, robust woman, and she doesn't even seem to care to go to church on Sunday, while I—I long so to work for Christ.'

'Your cousin has a family of little children and doesn't feel free to leave them, being a widow,' the pastor protested mildly. Suddenly he turned the conversation. 'Do you like children, Philippa?' he asked, thoughtfully

'I? Oh! yes; I am very fond of them'

By-and-by the pastor took his leave.

'That girl,' he said to himself, 'must be directed to practical work soon or she will be a moral wreck She must find her place among Christ's workers, or she will sink into hopeless apathy, and then selfish worldliness.'

Slowly, in spite of Philippa's repining, she regained her health, and one Sunday Mr. Trimmer caught a glimpse of her sorry, discontented blue eyes turned up to him as he preached. They set him musing about Philippa again.

'It's time to put this little King's Daughter into the Castle Beautiful, or the dragon will have her in his clutches soon,' he thought, quaintly, while the congregation sang the hymn he selected for Philippa's sake:

'Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, undefiled,
Make me as a little child'

During each of Mr. Trimmer's pastoral calls that week, he said: 'I'm thinking of fitting up the belfry chamber in our steeple. Do you think you have in your attic anything that might be used in furnishing it?'

The result was encouraging. One lady gave an art square for the floor; another, an old cottage piano long superseded by her drawing-room grand, but still sweet; another gave a table, and still another some chairs and a chintz covered lounge Then several pretty pictures for the walls and a number of potted plants for the windows were given.

When questioned as to the use of the sky parlor, Mr. Trimmer always smiled as he replied: 'Well, it's a castle in the air I've been dreaming about a good while'; and the immediate inference had always been that as the parsonage was small, and the little Trimmers numerous and noisy, the pastor wanted a quiet chamber apart where he might study and write in peace.

When the room was ready, Mr. Trimmer took Philippa Marston to see it.

'Why!' exclaimed Philippa, 'I thought this was to be your study!'

With some of the missionary funds in his hands, Mr. Trimmer had added to the furnishing given for the belfry chamber a semicircle of baby armchairs, flanked on each side by a cradle. He smiled at the girl's bewilderment.

'Philippa,' he said, gently, 'once you told me how you longed to tell the sweet story of Jesus to those who had not listened to it over and over. The Lord does not will that you should go to Africa, and I cannot bring the heathen blacks here for you to teach. But I have wanted to be as Christ would be to you in your unhappy life, were He on earth, and I have wanted to lead you to helpful work for Him. So I am going to trust you with the most beautiful things in the world—the innocent souls of very little children.

'I have many young mothers in my congregation who would dearly love to attend service Sunday mornings, but cannot, like your cousin Lucy, because they may not leave their children. There are none of us able to hire nurses here, you know. I have arranged with such mothers to bring their little ones here every pleasant Sunday, and leave them with you, while they themselves join in worship below. Philippa, this is your castle in the air. Will you take it and work for Jesus here?'

The grateful tears sprang to Philippa's blue eyes.

'Oh! I will do my best so gladly,' she cried.

And what a delightsome place it was, this castle in the air! High up, swung between earth and sky, its walls were almost all of glass, so that plenty of sunshine and sweet air bathed the babies in the steeple. Then there were flowers everywhere; cut flowers and flowers in pots; and what lessons of God's tenderness and wisdom Philippa taught her little ones from seed and opening flower! Indeed, in this ideal castle in the air—

'There were softest winds to bring to you
Sweet thoughts from everywhere,
And birds God made to sing to you—
The angels of the air!'

For one could look out from the wonderful windows right into the tops of the trees, and make acquaintance with numerous dear little bird families.

Mr. Trimmer appointed belfry ushers, stalwart young men who took the little ones from their mothers at the door, and carried them up the many stairs in the steeple to the castle in the air.

One Sunday Mr. Trimmer looked in after church.

'Philippa,' he said, smilingly, 'I wish I might come to the babies' service; I know I could learn a great deal.'

Philippa's face glowed.

'Oh, Mr. Trimmer! I am so happy in my work—and I learn so much myself every Sunday. You see, there is so much to teach about, and it all leads to God.'

'Yes,' answered the pastor, 'it all leads to God, whether we teach on the burning sands of Africa, or in the gentle sunshine of a belfry castle in the air.'—Mary A. Winston.

The New York 'Journal' states that any young man attempting to secure employment at its office would find his chances lessened thirty percent if he smoked cigarettes, and that his chances of keeping his job would decline by another thirty percent if he continued to smoke them after he got it.

How it Came There.

I mean the family Bible which I saw in the window of a certain pawnbroker's shop in the Old Kent-road. It was the top book of a pile in one corner. 'Surely I have seen that Bible before,' I said to myself when looking in at the window one afternoon. But upon consideration I tried to dismiss the thought as one of many vain ones that will sometimes, perforce, intrude themselves.

The window of a pawnbroker's shop has always had attractions for me, greater than that of any other I can mention, not even excepting a second-hand book store. Looking at the tools, the jewellery, the plate, the pipes, the books, the blankets, the clothing, and other things too numerous to mention, one sees plenty to occupy the imagination, wondering where this or that came from, and how it came there. If it were only possible to get behind the scenes what tales there would be to tell!

Try as I would it was impossible to dismiss that Bible from my thoughts. It appeared again and again, flitting through the mind like a phantom, and whispering that we had met before. I walked on up the road, but felt so strangely disturbed that, determined to settle the doubt in one way or another, I walked back to the shop and boldly entered.

'Would you allow me to see that Bible in the corner?' I asked the assistant.

'Do you wish to purchase it, sir?'

'I may possibly do so if for sale,' was my reply.

'The price is five shillings, sir,' placing it before me on the counter.

I opened the Bible, glancing at one of the fly leaves, and was surprised, if not shocked, to read the following inscription in my own handwriting:—

'Presented to Thomas James and Mary Brown by fellow-members of the St. Arthur's Church Bible Class, on the occasion of their marriage, June 1st, 188—.'

I have for obvious reasons given fictitious names, but how well I remember that wedding morn, when, bright and hopeful as the summer day itself, the young man and maiden pledged themselves before the altar. Tears of joy came to their eyes as I read out the inscription, and with my own hands, being conductor of the class, made the presentation. And now, after many years, I once more hold in my hands the self-same Bible. How came it in a pawnshop?

'I will take the book,' said I, putting down five shillings.

'Thank you, sir. You seem rather interested in it,' the assistant remarked.

'I am, indeed,' was my reply, 'and should very much like to find out the whereabouts of the original owners. Could you inform me when and by whom it was pledged?'

'I can let you have the date, also the name and address of the party that pledged the Bible, without, of course, vouching for their correctness,' he added with a smile.

He went up to his desk to examine the books and presently returned, saying:

'The Bible was pledged exactly fifteen months ago in the name of Mary Brown, 17, Martin's Buildings, Walworth. I cannot say, but I fear this will not help you very much.'

'I hope it will supply me with a clue with which to commence a search,' I said.

Having neatly wrapped it up he handed me the Bible, and, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, I left the shop.

Arriving at home I opened it again and closely examined the pages, if perchance, I might find anything, if only by way of a hint, that would help me in my search for these young people, for to seek them out I was quite determined.

In the space ruled off as a family register I found their own births and marriage entered, also the births of three children and one death.

The Bible was not to say worn, although it bore many evidences of having been frequently read, some chapters more than others which contained verses here and there marked with pencil. I fancied, moreover, that tear-stains were to be traced on some of the pages. Altogether the book contained unmistakable indications that trouble had come to the young couple, and this increased my anxiety to find them tenfold. I wrapped the Bible again in paper, and, taking it with me, set out on my search that very afternoon.

I first of all made it my business to visit Martin's Buildings, one of the many great blocks of model dwellings to be found in Walworth. No. 17 was on the top floor, which necessitated the climbing of painful flights of steps. Out of breath, I knocked at the door, which was answered by a not over tidy woman.

'Does anyone of the name of Brown or James live here, or did live here some fifteen months ago?' I asked.

'No one of that name lives here now,' was the reply. 'We've only been here three months, so you'd better inquire at the office, or perhaps the party as lives at 19 can tell. She have lived there ever so long, two years, I should think.'

So I tried the 'party' at 19, and found her to be a respectable, chatty little body.

'Come in, sir,' in answer to my inquiries. 'People as comes to th' buildings don't gen'rally stop long. I never see such folk to change about in my life, but I remembers the party you are askin' about very well. They was here about six months."

'Can you tell me what became of them?' I anxiously asked.

'Well, I don't want to send any trouble to 'em,' she said, looking at me suspiciously; 'the poor souls had enough o' that when they was here.'

'You need not fear that of me,' I said; 'my object in seeking them out is rather to render help if they are in any trouble, as seems more than probable.'

'Then please take a seat, sir, an' I'll tell you all I knows, which, after all, ain't much. Mrs. James and her husband came to these buildings about eighteen months ago. She was as tidy a little woman as ever walked, an' there wouldn't ha' bin anything amiss wi' th' man if he'd only kep' to hisself an' away from th' drink; but he got mix'd up with a bad lot as led him off, and the end of it was that he got into trouble and is now doin' eighteen months' hard.'

'Dear, dear! How sorry I am to hear this,' I exclaimed. 'Can you tell me where she is now living?'

'She's tryin' to live at 9, Tucker's Rents, just off East street, where she's got one room. It ain't where I should like to live myself, but th' poor soul had no choice. She pawned well nigh everything she had and was obliged to move from here. I taught her how to do bead work, but she's slow and can make very little at it. If you goes there you'd better ask for Mrs. Brown.'

Thanking the good woman for the information afforded, and her kindness to poor Mary James, I left Martin's Buildings and at once set out for Tucker's Rents, which I knew could not be far away. I found the place after some little difficulty, a long, narrow court containing a number of broken-down old houses that bore not the sweetest odor either natural or moral. I asked a dirty, slatternly girl who was sitting on the doorstep of No. 9 if she could direct me to the room occupied by Mrs. Brown.

'Top floor, back,' without making the least attempt to move.

Almost stepping over her I made my way up a dirty, ricketty stairs, wondering how human beings could possibly breathe amid such filthy surroundings, and gently knocked at the door indicated. The door was opened by Mary James herself, but so changed in features and person I scarcely knew her. She was pressing a hand to her heart, and drawing a deep breath, as women do at the sight of a stranger they think might be bringing new trouble.

'Mr. ——!' she exclaimed, recognizing me after a moment or so, and then she changed color, looked confused, and finally burst into tears. 'I didn't expect to see you, sir.'

'Well, I called to see you, Mary, because I heard you were in trouble. Why have you not come to me, or some of your old friends?'

'The trouble was too great, sir.'

'Now, tell me all about it, Mary, so that I can think what can be done, for it is impossible for me to leave you in such misery as this,' and I looked round the room, in which there was hardly a scrap of bedding or stick of furniture, and it must be confessed that my tears fell fast.

Touched by the sympathy I sincerely felt, she told me all her trouble, even to her husband's disgrace and imprisonment.

'He is coming out next week, and I was hoping to get two decent rooms for him to come to where we could begin life afresh. He's had such a lesson that I don't think he'll ever go wrong again—indeed, he wouldn't a done now if it hadn't been for the drink. I can't think what made him take to it.'

'I hope you have not taken any, Mary,' I said.

'Never a drop, sir; not even in my greatest trouble.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, Mary. Now I am going out for a cab, so please get your two children ready, as I intend to take you home with me. You shall not stay in this place another hour.

'Oh, Mr. ——!' and she sat down on an old box and once more gave way to tears.

It was not long before we were at home, and my good wife soon found some comfortable clothing in which to set them up, for the poor creatures, though clean, had, literally, scarcely a rag to their backs.

By the time the husband was out of prison, I, with the help of friends, had provided decent rooms for them, and he having found employment is hopefully beginning life again.

The Bible, once more in their possession, lies on a little table and is often taken up by both husband and wife.

When the reader is looking in at the window of a pawnbrokers shop, where something or other has drawn his attention, let him give just one thought as to how it came there.—Mnason in 'Temperance Record.

Value of Home Music.

In bird-life, one of the partners sings, but in the human family the gift of song is well-nigh universal. Music should play a much more important part in home life than it usually does. It certainly would promote health and happiness. Husband and wife, if they have musical talent, should cultivate it all their lives long, have teachers occasionally at least capable of keeping their voices well drilled to the later years of life. The time some men spend in idle talk, and which some women fritter away, if given to music, would produce good effects on the health, and be at the same time a very important means of education.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

A LITTLE INVALID'S PLAYMATES. —Band of Hope.

In a Cranberry Marsh.

(By Anna E. Hahn in 'Forward')

(Continued from last week.)

Emily knew her father would be angry because of the destruction of his bushes and the ignoring of his rules, and would promptly dismiss Two Bears. She therefore resolved not to tell him about the cranberry rake until she had done what she could to prevent its further use.

Accordingly, the next time Two Bears presented his card she said firmly:

'You have been using a cranberry rake, Two Bears, but you must not use it again.'

Two Bears drew himself up angrily: 'An Indian pays little heed to a woman's "must not,"' he said, haughtily.

'But you will heed my "must not,"' said Emily, looking straight into his wavering eyes. 'If to-morrow your card shows more quarts than do the cards of the other pickers, I shall tell my father about the rake.'

'And have you not told him already?' cried the surprised Two Bears. 'No? Why not?'

'Because I knew my father would send you away if he knew about the rake, and I wanted you to stay and have another chance to work fairly and honestly. You will not refuse the chance I give you, Two Bears?'

When had any one else ever wanted to be kind to him—to give him a chance to be fair and honest? Two Bears was not accustomed to kindness and consideration, and it affected him strangely. For an instant his usually stolid, haughty face showed a strange mingling of surprise, embarrassment, and gratitude. Then he turned and strode away in silence. Thereafter his daily card showed no unusual number of quarts, and knowing he no longer used the rake, Emily never mentioned the matter to her father.

Not long afterwards Two Bears showed his gratitude for the white girl's kindness in a way at once queer and pleasing. One day the pickers all asked for a holiday. Big Kettle, an Indian living at the farther end of the corduroy road, had killed a bear, and had invited them all to a bear roast. It was a great event, and they set off in fine spirits, like children bound for a picnic. About noon, Emily saw Two Bears approaching the cabin, leading two ponies, each wearing a fancy bridle, and having a gorgeous blanket strapped upon its back for a saddle.

'For Mr. Brown and his daughter,' said Two Bears, gallantly. 'Perhaps they want to ride to Big Kettle's to watch the feast for a while and get a taste of roast bear meat.'

Emily was delighted with Two Bears' kindness in lending the ponies, and with the prospect of seeing the Indian merry-making. After much coaxing, her father consented to take her to Big Kettle's, and soon the two were trotting gayly along the conduroy road on the ponies, while Two Bears followed swiftly on foot. The Indian festivity proved very novel and amusing, and the time spent there made a pleasant break in the monotony of Emily's stay in the cranberry marsh.

At length the countless bushes of the great marsh were all stripped of their red acid burdens, and the cranberry harvest was ended. Then Emily said good-bye to the cabin on the little islet, and went down the corduroy road to where the freight train, with its shabby caboose, stood waiting to take her homeward.

But here on the margin of the marsh a pleasant surprise awaited her. Gathered about the caboose were all the Indian pickers, men and women, old and young, even to the little papooses she had so often fed with bread and milk. The women wore the gowns she had taught them to make, and some had even tried to dress their hair as she dressed hers. All exhibited their best garments and behavior, and seemed to regard the occasion as one of much importance.

They had come to say good-bye

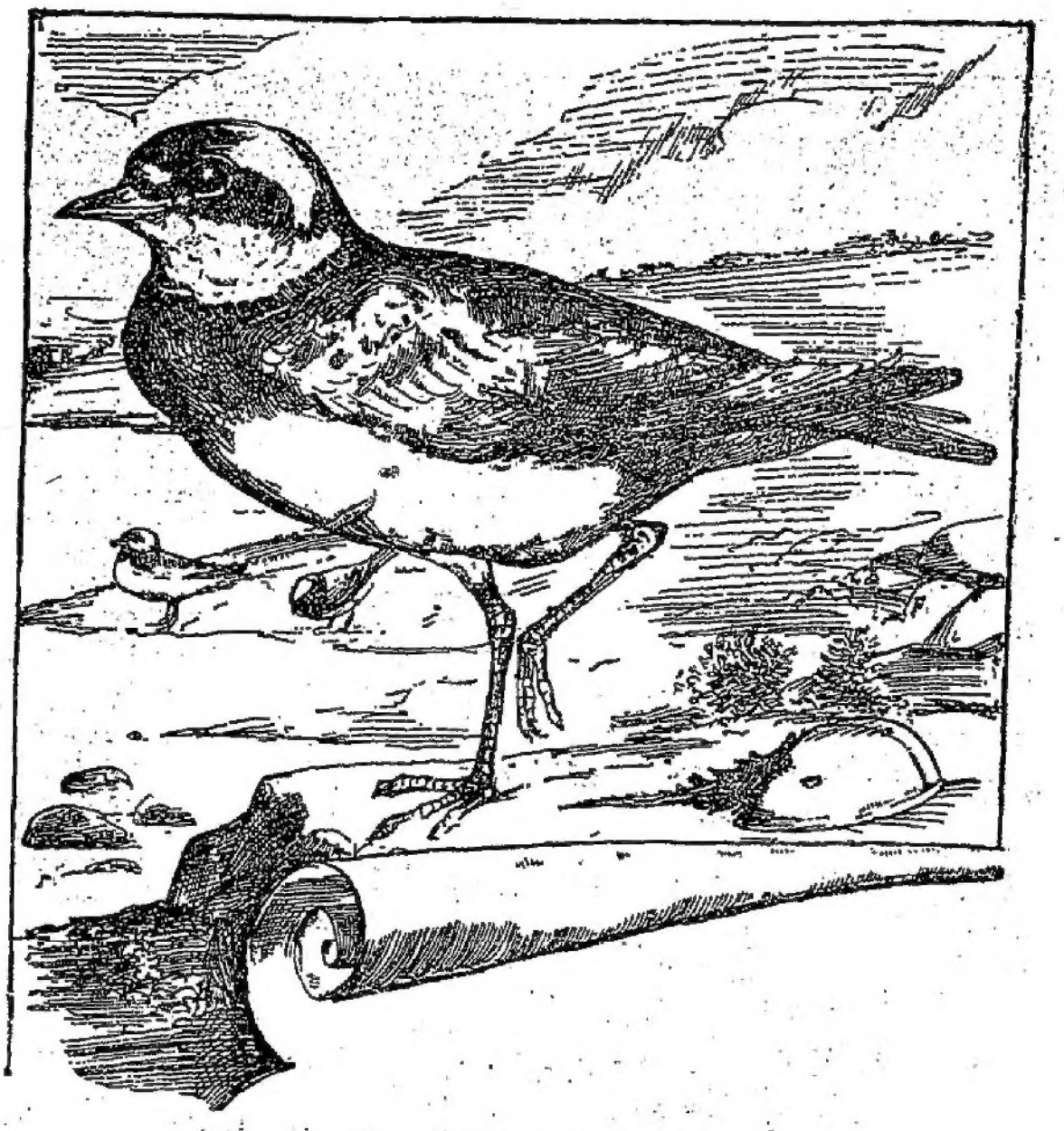
to the white girl who during her stay with them had shown herself so kind and helpful. They could not say much, for Indians are not much given to talking, but they looked at her with friendly eyes, and hoped she would return to the marsh for the next berry harvest.

Emily was much moved by their friendly demonstration, and, looking from the caboose window, as the freight train moved away, waved them a hearty good-bye.

'You have used much patience and tact with these poor Indians during your stay with them, Emily,' said her father. 'Like Absalom, you stole the hearts of the people by your kindly, helpful ways. You have done them much good.'

And Emily felt that, after all, her autumn had not been wasted. True, her corner of the world had of late been only a cranberry marsh, but she had made it brighter and better, and that is the best work any of us can do, no matter in what corner of the world we are set.

THE END.



THE RINGED PLOVER.

This pretty little bird is a permanent resident on the English coasts all the year round, and may often be seen in small parties running quickly over the sands at low tide searching for small creatures left by the sea, constantly calling 'cheep, cheep,' as if to keep each other within hearing. In summer it is marked with black and white on the head, neck, and breast, as shown in the picture, the back is greyish brown, the legs orange color.—'Boys' and Girls' Companion.'

A Chinese Convert Beaten.

(By Cheyne Brady in 'China's Millions.'

An ignorant Chinaman entered a little chapel at Ato, where he heard a missionary (the Rev. S. L. Binkley) preaching on the all-sufficiency of Christ to save. At the close of the service he said, 'This Jesus I never heard of until now, and I don't know who He is; but did you not say He can save me from all my sins?'

'Yes,' replied the missionary, 'I said exactly that.'

'But then you did not know me when you said so. I have been a liar, a gambler, and for 20 years an opium-smoker. Now, if you had known me, you would never have said what you did?'

Mr, Binkley could only repeat with emphasis his former declaration, about the power and willingness of Jesus to save from even such a multitude of sins.

The opium-smoker was struck dumb with amazement, for his mind had been in bondage to ancient superstition, the poison of lust was in his blood, and he was sold in hopeless slavery to the awful opium drug. He went away, but returned again to hear more of this wonderful Saviour. Weeks passed away, when one morning he rushed impetuously into the missionary's room, his radiant face proclaiming the good news, 'I have it now! Jesus can save me from all my sins, for He has done it.'Yes, faith in Christ had even destroyed the slavery of years, the desire for opium.

He went back to his native village to tell his fellow-sinners of the Lord Jesus. Though warned of his danger, he told the story of a great Saviour for the worst of sinners, and through the grace of the Holy Ghost testified of His saving power. He was pelted with clods, beaten, hunted from place to place, but he could not be silenced. At last his persecutors brought him before a cruel magistrate, and false witnesses proclaimed against him the vilest charges. The corrupt judge, glad to be revenged against this foreign sect, sentenced him to be beaten, and upon his bare back the cruel bamboo was mercilessly laid until the flesh lay in strips. Borne to the mission premises, almost dead, the doctor declared that such injuries he had never before seen inflicted by the bamboo.

Ere the missionary could find words to comfort him, the martyr said with a smile: 'Teacher, this poor body be in great pain, but my inside heart be in great peace.' Then lifting himself up in his cot, he said: 'If I get up again from this, you will let me go back to How-chiang?'

His recovery was very slow. While but half healed he stole away, and suddenly appeared at his native village to preach again to his hateful persecutors. His words of victory, scored by such experiences of blood, brought some of his very foes to the Saviour.

For fourteen years he continued preaching, and was ordained in 1869. Numerous were the souls he was permitted to see converted to Christ through his instrumentality, and from them a score of native preachers were raised up to tell the old story of full salvation through a crucified Saviour. To the last he testified, and when too weak to stand he still gathered round him those to whom he could bear witness of the Saviour, and at last he passed away, singing in the joy of an unclouded hope.

This story speaks for itself, and shows that no one is too great a sinner for Christ to save; so let no one despair. Just take God at His word.—'Christian Herald.'

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 15.

Esther Pleading for her People.

Esther VIII., 3-8, 15-17. Memory verses 15-17. Read chapters VIII.-X.

Golden Text.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' —Psa. xxxvii., 5.

Home Readings.

M. Esther 8: 1-8. Esther pleading for her people.
T. Esther 8: 9-17. Esther pleading for her people.
W. Esther 9: 20-28. Deliverance commemorated.
Th. Psalm 31: 14-24. Joy in deliverance.
F. Zeph. 3: 14-20. Promise of help.
S. Psalm 91. Safety of God's people.
Su. Psalm 37: 1-17. Trust, and fear not.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—3. And Esther spake yet again before the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Ha'man the A'gag-ite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews.

School.—4. Then the king held out the golden sceptre toward Es'ther. So Es'ther arose, and stood before the king.

5. And said, If it please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Ha'man the son of Ham-med'a-tha the A'gag-ite, which he wrote to destroy the Jews which are in all the king's provinces:

6. For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?

7. Then the king A-has-u-e'rus said unto Es'ther the queen and to Mor'de-cai the Jew, Behold, I have given Es'ther the house of Ha'man, and him they have hanged upon the gallows, because he laid his hand upon the Jews.

8. Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring: for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse.

15. And Mor'de-cai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple: and the city of Shu'shan rejoiced and was glad.

16. The Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honor.

17. And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day. And many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them.

The Bible Class.

God is our Deliverer.—Psa. lv., 18, 22; lix., 1, 2; lxxviii., 41, 42: Dan. III., 17: Acts vii., 22-25, 33-35; xii., 5-11: Matt. vi., 13: I. Cor. x., 13: II. Cor. i., 10: Col. I. 12, 13: I. Thess. i., 10: II. Tim. iv., 17, 18: II. Pet. ii., 9: Rom. xi., 26: Joel ii., 32: Psa. xviii., 1-3; xl., 16, 17; cxliv., 1-7.

Suggestions.

The captive Jews in all the dominions of Ahasuerus were in an agony of terror because of the king's decree fulfilling the desire of the wicked Haman, that they should be set upon and slain on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, the month Adar.

Mordecai the Jew, in sackcloth and ashes wept aloud in the midst of the city and before the king's palace. Esther, the queen, sent a messenger to find out the cause of Mordecai's grief. He sent back a copy of the king's decree, and a message to her that she should plead with the king for the salvation of her nation, with the solemn charge of a great responsibility, asking, 'who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'

Queen Esther sent word again to Mordecai, saying that if he and all the Jews in the city would fast for three days and nights, praying for her, she and her maidens would also fast and pray, after which she would undertake the great and dangerous task. Esther knew the difficulties attending her work of pleading for her people. Ahasuerus was a despotic tyrant, if anyone approached his throne without his permission he would think nothing of ordering the immediate execution of the intruder. But Esther loved her people, and knew that God had indeed raised her up and brought her to the throne for the very purpose of delivering her people in this awful crisis. If Esther had not been true to God's call, God could have raised up another deliverer for his people, but she would have lost the immeasurable blessing of the service, the reward which always follows obedience, and probably her own life beside. If Esther had not been willing to sacrifice her own life, if need be, for the good of her people, she would never have been made the instrument of their deliverance; and her unwillingness would have thwarted the plan which God had made for her own life. God has plans to glorify himself in our lives, but if we are unwilling and disobedient those plans are thwarted and we lose the unspeakable blessing of being used by God. Our God has his plan for every life. If we do not allow him to shape us into an instrument for his glory, our loss is unspeakable, but his work will suffer very little, for he will find some one else who will be obedient, and through whom he can work. God very quickly raised up David to take the place of the disobedient Saul. The name of Saul has come down through history as that of a dishonorable and dishonored man, because of his disobedience and disloyalty to God, because he chose the praise of man rather than the honor of God. But Esther was willing and obedient, and God worked through her.

Queen Esther invited Ahasuerus and his court favorite, Haman, to a banquet, and when the king was in a good humor told him of the wicked plot of Haman to kill her and her people, the Jews. Then the king was very angry and ordered Haman to be hanged on the gallows which he had already prepared for Mordecai. The king also gave to Mordecai all the possessions of Haman.

Esther's own safety was now assured, but the order to slay her countrymen was still in the hands of the people, waiting only for the thirteenth day of the twelfth month to be put in execution. Esther again besought the king for her people, asking that the orders might be reversed or declared void. The king declared that his orders were unchangeable, but that Mordecai should write to all the provinces and rulers in the immense dominion of Ahasuerus, proclaiming to the Jews that they should arm themselves for the defence, and slay all such as laid hands on them on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month. Then all the Jews rejoiced for the deliverance of Jehovah and the loyalty of Esther. Mordecai also was made the king's favorite instead of Haman, and became his right hand man.

When the fateful day arrived the Jews assembled to protect themselves from those who would kill them, and slew great numbers of their enemies, but did not touch the prey or booty. The anniversary of this time of deliverance is called the feast of Purim, because of Haman's folly in casting Pur, or lots to determine which would be the best day to destroy Jews.

Primary Lesson.

How much do we love our country? Enough to risk our lives for it? The beautiful queen who pleaded before the king for the lives of her people risked her own life in doing so. The courage of Esther matched that of the bravest soldier. How much do we love our friends? Enough to be glad to put ourselves to any trouble for them? How much do we love our home? Enough to show? If we do not love home enough for any one to see our love by our deeds, we do not love it enough. If we do not love mother enough for her to be quite sure we love her, our love is not deep enough.

But what if we do love? Our country has no need for us to die for it just now. We cannot all be soldiers. But our country has a need, an awful need, for our prayers. Our friends need our prayers, and we must pray for our own homes. What shall we pray for our country? We must pray that God will send righteous rulers, who will rule in the fear of God and not in their own selfish interests. We must thank God for those who do love him, and pray that they may stand true. We must pray for the churches and ministers, and Sabbath-schools and teachers, all over the country, that God will bless them and make them a blessing. We must pray that our own friends will draw nearer and nearer to God through our living Saviour Jesus Christ.

The king before whom we plead is not like the cruel king Ahasuerus. Our king is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and because he gave his own Son to die for us, he tells us to call him Father. He loves us and he loves to hear our prayers. No man can come between us and God. We can only come to God through the Lord Jesus, our Saviour. And our Father will hear and answer us.

C. E Topic.

Oct. 15. Lost opportunities. Jer. 8: 20; Matt. 23: 37-39; Heb. 12: 17.

Junior C. E.

Oct. 15. Lessons from Gethsemane: How does Christ help you to bear troubles? Matt. 26: 36-46.

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIX.—OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

1. Q.—What does an experienced advocate write?

A.—'Gigantic as are the evils arising from the use of strong drink, those of tobacco exceed them.'

2. Q.—What is said of William Gladstone, the greatest statesman of England?

A.—That he detested smoking.

3. Q.—Do tobacco and liquor go hand in hand?

A.—Said Horace Greeley: 'Show me a drunkard that doesn't use tobacco and I will show you a white blackbird.'

4. Q.—What did ex-Senator Doolittle remark in addressing the graduating law class of the Wisconsin State University?

A.—'I verily believe that the mental force, power of labor, and endurance of our profession is decreased at least twenty-five per cent, by the use of tobacco.'

5. Q.—What did Thomas Jefferson say regarding the production of tobacco.'

A.—'It is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness.'

6. Q.—Give extracts from remarks by Principal Bancroft, of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

A.—Tobacco is the bane of our schools and colleges, and increasingly so; teachers who have given any attention to the subject agree that boys go down under its use in scholarship, in self-respect, and self-control.

We can select the boys who smoke heavily by a certain hesitation in answering questions, by a peculiar huskiness of voice, dullness of complexion, or tremor of the hand.

The tobacco reform must be in the enlightened conscience.

7. Q.—What further is said about its effects upon the physical system?

A.—A habit which affects the whole nervous system and thus reaches the will and the moral character, is a sin. It takes off the fine edge of the mind, injures the manners, and dulls the moral sense. It is specially important that parents, preachers, and teachers should refrain from using tobacco.

8. Q.—What does Dr. Harris say upon the evil influence of tobacco?

A.—'There is not another practice in civilized society that will so directly introduce a young man to vicious associates and to all the haunts of wickedness, as does the

unrebuked fashionable habit of tobacco using.'

9. Q.—What says Rev. Dr. J. W. Chickering, of Portland?

A.—He regards using tobacco as a fearful and growing evil, and as bad in all its effects as the use of alcohol.

10. Q.—Give another extract from the same author.

A.—Tobacco is poisoning the life springs of coming generations, sowing the seeds of more bodily disease than strong drink.

Those in charge of asylums for the insane, readily trace mental and moral, as well as physical effects to the same source.

11. Q.—What reply did a philosopher make when asked for a preventive against the use of rum and tobacco?

A.—'By bearing constantly in view the loathsome and indecent behavior of such as use them.'

12. Q.—What does Alexander MacLaren say of the use of these two evils?

A.—'A nauseous drug is added to the exciting intoxicating drink which temptation offers.

13. Q.—What does the celebrated Dr. Bartholow say of cigarette smoking?

A.—The prodigious increase of cigarette smoking among boys in the last few years is an evil which will tend to the deterioration of the race if it is not checked.

14. Q.—What does Bishop Simpson say?

A.—'In some places congregations are unwilling to receive ministers who indulge, lest their growing sons may be led to adopt a practice which they so earnestly discountenance and oppose.'

15. Q.—Give Dr. Gauthrie's four reasons for being an abstainer?

A.—He said: 'My head is clearer; my health better; my heart lighter; my purse heavier.'

16. Q.—What action was taken by the New York Congregational Association?

A.—The following resolutions were adopted.

1. 'That the tobacco habit is an enormous evil, and on account of its waste of money, positive injury to health, and pernicious example to the young, Christians ought to abandon it.'

2. 'That this Association earnestly recommends to all our churches thorough measures for instructing the people in the manifold mischiefs flowing from the use of narcotic drugs, as well as drinks, and that special efforts be made to guard children from any and every use of tobacco.'

17. Q.—What did Napoleon I. exclaim upon smoking for the first and last time?

A.—In disgust he exclaimed, 'Oh the swine! My stomach turns,' and he never tried to smoke again.

18. Q.—Is it a sin to use tobacco?

A.—Yes, those who use tobacco know that it wastes time, money, strength, and life, and thus tramples on God's laws.

'Cease to do evil; learn to do well.'—Isaiah, 1st chapter, 16th verse.

Prohibition in Vermont.

'Everywhere the traffic has been driven behind closed doors. No signs of liquors for sale, or arrays of whisky bottles in the windows, have tempted the man who was endeavoring to control his appetite. The person who wanted liquor has had to go in search of it. It has not been offered to him unsought. Moreover, when told that it was a foolish law, the Vermonters have looked outside their State to see how license laws were working elsewhere. They have noted more evidences of prevailing intemperance in States and cities having license laws than in Vermont. They have seen that high-license laws are elsewhere as extensively violated as the prohibitory law is here. Influenced by such practical considerations, as well as to a large extent by principle, the people of Vermont have sustained the law; no attempt to repeal or awaken it having come within Mauser rifle shot of succeeding.'—Burlington 'Free Press.'

We know a prominent clergyman, zealous of good works, who prides himself upon his ability to steer the middle course. He brought up his children likewise, even to the ridiculing and tempting of their young friends who were abstainers. Result—his two sons have become victims to the awful craving. Will not their blood be upon their father's head?—'Christian.'

Correspondence

Kinlough.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from this village, I thought I would write one. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and get your paper there. I like it very well, and am always lonely if I do not get it. I have two sisters and two brothers. My two sisters and I go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Hamlin. I passed the P. S., leaving examination at holidays. I think I will have to stop now.

LAURA (aged 13.)

L'Ance Aux Cousins, Gaspe.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Gaspe, I thought I would write one. My grandma has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over twenty years, but now I take it in my name. I like it very much. Grandpa takes the 'Witness' and 'Guardian.' Grandma, auntie, and I, belong to the W.M.S. I go to Sabbath-school. Auntie is our teacher. We have nearly three miles to go to church, and our pastor's name is the Rev. J. H. Wright. There is service in our schoolhouse every fortnight. I have been living with my grandma ever since I was an infant. There is a dear little baby girl in the house now. Her name is Ellice. We live near the sea shore, and there is a beautiful place for bathing in L'Ance Aux Cousins.

BERTHA D. (aged 11.)

Eugenia.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger.' We get it every Sunday, and I like it very much. We have five pets—a pretty little Jersey cow, a dog named Ponto, two cats and a wee kitten. I go to school every day, and am in Junior third class. I have three brothers and two sisters. We have taken the 'Messenger' for 10 years. We live a quarter of a mile from the Eugenia Falls, which is a very nice place; it is about 72 feet high. We go up to the mountain nearly every Saturday to have our tea, and we have a very nice time there. Good-bye, dear Editor, from

DAISY S. (aged 9.)

Ipswich, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to your paper, so thought I would write one. I have one sister, 12 years old. She is on her vacation now. I have a baby brother one year old. His name is Harold Freeman. I have two white rabbits and five white rats, three of them are little ones. I drive papa's cow to pasture in the morning, and go for her at night. I have about a mile to go to pasture. I am eight years old. I get your paper at Sunday-school. I like to read the letters.

GEORGE T. L.

Brookfield.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for several years. Perhaps this will not be printed, as I am sixteen years old, and the 'Correspondence' is for the younger children, is it not? But I like to read the letters, especially those telling about their missionary and temperance societies. I belong to the 'New Bethesda' Division, also to the B. Y. P. U. and 'Hopeful Mission Band.' The latter meets the first Friday in every month. I forget just how many members we have, but it is somewhere near seventy. We pay two cents per month dues, and this month we are each going to try and earn five cents extra. I live on a farm, and love plants and animals, also books. I have read a great many books, including 'In His Steps' and 'Richard Bruce,' by Sheldon, which I liked very much.

A friend has promised to lend me 'The Crucifixion of Philip Strong,' 'Titus, a Comrade of the Cross,' is another very nice book. Longfellow is my favorite poet. I go to school, and am in the tenth grade. My dearest friend's name is Lottie. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, but I won't write again for a long while. If there is any girl my age who would like to correspond with me, I wish she would write first. Does anyone know where second-hand papers (Sunday-school) would be appreciated. I am glad I am a Canadian, and will close by saying, 'God bless our Queen.'

NINA FREEMAN.

Mono Centre.

Dear Editor,—I am spending my holidays at my uncle's in the country. I come here every summer to spend my holidays. I live in the town of Orangeville, which is about nine miles from here. I have a play-house, in which I spend much of my time. I will be ten years old this month. I am in the third book, and will be in a different room this term. My uncle takes the 'Messenger.'

HENRIETTA.

Brookvale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, 11 years old. I live on a farm. My papa is in the States this summer. We live twenty miles from the railway. But we expect to have one nearer some day. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday.

MAGGIE B.

Snider Mountain, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever tried to write to any paper, but perhaps the second one will be better. I have seen a few letters and several names in the roll of correspondence from this part of the country. My mother takes the 'Northern Messenger.' She has taken it for nearly two years, and I like the correspondence very much. I am now visiting my cousin, and we thought we would write a letter to the 'Messenger,' and hope to see both in print. My two aunts and three cousins have been visiting here and at my home, but they have returned to their homes. I live on a farm. It is situated almost in a little hollow. I have four sisters and four brothers. We are all at home at present, except one of my brothers and I, who are away for a short time.

I belong to the 'Sons of Temperance.' We meet once a week, and have a nice time. I also go to the Union Sunday-school, and there is a large attendance. A few days ago my grandmother had all her children home, seven daughters. She has also forty-seven grand children and seven great-grand children.

A. B. C.

[Many thanks for the pretty flowers enclosed. They still retain much of their pleasant fragrance.—Ed.]

Whittington.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to write to the 'Messenger,' I like it so well. I was seven years old on July 19. I have two brothers, Wilfrid and Lyle. Wilfrid is five years old and Lyle four months. Wilfrid and I go to school. Our teacher is Miss Shain. It is holidays now. I cut my foot with the axe. I hope it will be better before school starts. Wilfrid and I have two pet kittens. We call them Nigger and Tabby. I saw in a letter in the 'Messenger' that another little boy called his kittens by those names, and I liked them. We have 15 ducks and some of them are ready to kill. We have 10 calves. They like to drink milk. We have one very nice little colt. We have no name for it yet; it is not very old. Wilfrid will write another time.

JACKIE H. C.

Cashel.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from near Cashel, I thought I would write one. First, I will tell you about the big hail storm we had here the last day of July. It beat everything into the ground. The sky got so dark we thought we would have to light the lamps. First came the rain, then the hail, with terrific wind. It swept nearly everything before it, blowing down thousands of acres of wheat. Our Sunday-school is three miles from our place, but we go nearly every Sunday. I take the 'Messenger,' and would be lost without it.

ALICE L. P. (aged 10.)

Milton, N. Dak.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, ten years old. I live in the country, and go to school during the summer months. I study reading, physiology, arithmetic, history, spelling, geography and language. Our teacher's name is Miss Watson. She is very kind. I take the 'Messenger' to school sometimes; our teacher reads stories out of it for us, and we all enjoy them very much. My papa and brother Jesse have started harvesting. I have a little baby brother. He is eight months old. His name is Reuben.

CORA NELSON.

Rapid City.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My home is in Norman, Ont. But I am visiting up here for the summer. I am staying on a farm two miles from town. Our nearest neighbors live a quarter of a mile away. We have a fine view of the town from here; it is a small town on the banks of the Little Saskatchewan, twenty-two miles from Brandon, Man.

LAURA.

HOUSEHOLD.

Household Conveniences.

(By Carrie May Ashton.)

The most expensive houses are by no means the most convenient ones. Fabulous sums are spent every year upon new homes, many of which are neither beautiful in appearance nor conveniently arranged. Frequently a house is artistic from the architect's standpoint, but when one comes to live in it, it is found to be anything but convenient. It is never well to decide on plans or build hurriedly for it is much wiser to study designs and visit houses for weeks and even months before accepting the final plans.

No matter how large and pleasant the living rooms are or how desirable the location may be, unless there is a good bathroom, a convenient kitchen, plenty of closet room, a good attic and cellar the house is by no means what it ought to be.

Many conveniences can be added to an old house which will greatly reduce the work necessary in caring for it. A model closet recently seen was 5x7 feet. On two sides were fastened a number of black hooks. At one end was a stationary chest containing three deep drawers for dress waists, underwear, etc. Underneath this chest was a space about eighteen inches in height which was divided into three boxes or compartments and was intended for hats, bonnets, ets. Two shoe bags, made of brown linen, each large enough to hold four pairs of shoes, a pair of slippers, one of rubbers and one of overshoes were fastened on the wall, also an umbrella case made of the same material. The shoe bags and umbrella case were bound with linen tape.

A particularly convenient sewing-room has a chest of deep drawers for unfinished work, a large cutting table, and a high work box or case with innumerable compartments labeled Hooks and Eyes, Tape, Elastic, Lace, Embroidery, Linings, Needles, Pins, Buttons, etc. A unique case for thread and sewing silk was also noticed here. Spindles fastened into a large wooden box varied in size for the different numbers of silk, twist and thread.

A useful article for those living in limited quarters is a large flat, wooden box supplied with casters which fits under the bed and makes an admirable receptacle for dresses and fancy waists. Such a bed must be draped to the floor. Dimity, either white or a pretty delicate tint, makes an inexpensive and artistic cover. Any husband, son or brother who is skilful in the use of tools can fashion many useful and attractive pieces of furniture. Wooden boxes when fitted with a hinged cover and casters, can be padded and neatly covered with cretonne, denim, or some other fabric and answer nicely for a combination piece of ottoman and shoe box. Such boxes can also be used for towels in a bath room. In a small cottage where there was no china closet or sideboard a long box was covered and lined very neatly and held the table cloths and napkins. Where the hat tree or rack is small and inadequate to the family's needs a number of metal hooks can be procured at a hardware store and screwed into a strip of moulding which is securely fastened to the wall in a convenient place. A medicine chest or cupboard with ample space for rolls of old linen, cotton, flannel and ready-made bandages, together with other articles necessary for emergencies is quite important in every house.

These few suggestions carried into effect will add much to the comfort and convenience of the home and go far towards saving the valuable minutes which are so easily wasted.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Happy Households.

The happiest households are those that do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift-giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question, owing to the straitened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes round, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated. An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers, or some special music prepared for the occasion, will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrance that count far more than the money value of any gift.

As the children grow up, if these festivals are encouraged, they will have much to look forward to, and much more to remember in the years to come, when they go out to do battle with the world, and find that sentiment is crushed under foot and affection is regarded only as a side issue.

Life is full of beauty if we only know how to gather it into our bins and store-houses. There need not be great wealth nor worldly honor, but a loyal clinging together of parents and children, marked by happenings that have a direct bearing on each one's individual history, will join the circle closer together and make home life the ideal thing that it ought to be.

Do not, we beseech you, plead that you are too busy or too seriously occupied with worldly affairs to waste time on such trivial matters as birthday parties and wedding celebrations. Such use of time is not a waste, and will prove among the sweetest memories of childhood and old age long after the little chain has been broken, and one member after another gone to that long rest from which there is no awakening. 'Ledger.'

Useful Hints to the Housewife.

To clean oil-finished paint or hard wood use weak tea, almost cold, to remove the dust and discoloration, and then rub it over with a flannel cloth dipped in furniture polish made of one-third linseed oil, one-third turpentine and one-third vinegar. Shake it well together in a bottle, pour it into a saucer and rub hard. It is a very satisfactory polish. To revive gilt frames, take of the white of eggs two ounces and of chloride of potash or soda, one ounce; mix well, blow the dust off from the frames and apply with a soft brush. To take fly specks off gilt frames, moisten them with the white of an egg; let it remain about fifteen minutes, then wipe off with a silk cloth. Plaster busts and statuettes may be cleaned, where it is not desired to paint them, by dipping them into thick liquid starch and drying, and when the starch is brushed off the dirt is brushed off with it. Old leather covers of books may be freshened by first wiping clean with a flannel rag, then rubbing lightly with the well-beaten yolk of an egg applied with a soft sponge, and, lastly, by pressing a hot iron over a piece of thin paper laid over the surface of the cover. Oxalic acid diluted with water will remove ink stains from the pages. Apply with a camel's hair brush. Marble figures, statuettes, etc., can be cleaned by using a paste of whiting and water, allowing it to dry and brushing off with soft cloth. Smoke made from burning a piece of gum camphor will clear a bedroom of mosquitoes. Wall paper may be cleaned if wiped with dry Indian meal on a dry cloth. Do not rub colors. Grease stains in carpet may be removed while fresh if coarse brown paper is placed over the stain and ironed with a warm iron. Or cover spots with Indian meal; remove when grease strikes through. Use ammonia in water for washing wood work; or, better still, use kerosene oil instead of water to remove finger marks or stains, then wash. Very little force is necessary and varnish, oil or paint is not injured. Use whiting in the water for washing white and delicate shades of painted wood—of bedsteads, etc. Clean piano keys with soft rag dipped in alcohol. Use same for cleaning prisms on candelabra or chandeliers. Use salts of lemon for the stains on ivory.

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